

Papoose f/ Big Lou, Busta Rhymes "The Last Lyricist"

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[Intro: DJ Kay Slay]

It's a time for martyrs now, as the rap game that's in a crisis

Record sales continue to decline, record labels are mergin

And cats got confused on what's real hip hop

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

We got the real live spitters in the game of rap!!!

All you dudes say you nice, but you niggas is wack!!!

Where my lyricists at?!! Where my lyricists at?!!

Where the fuck you niggas at?! Where the lyricists at?!

[Verse 1: Big Lou]

I could carry the weight of Pun, ressurect Big L's lungs
and jack every single beat that Jam-Master Jay spun
I'm the lyrical son of Rakim, the jab of Bernard Hopkins
The voice of B.I.G. and Pac overlooked by Johnnie Coch-
aran

The KRS-One doctrine, the monster in these niggas
That be posterin I'm robbin 'em in a whip they girlfriend
drivin 'em

I'm butter without the margarine, the crack without the
sizzle

The rain without the drizzle, the hammer without the
chizle

The baller without the dribble, the scribble Scrabble,
the Writer's Block

I bibble babble have the spit and flip the rip the chain
that shackles

Had to fight and grapple and tackle the Rotten Apple
I traveled from Camden and met the Drama King at the
tabernacle

Gave me the juice like a Snapple, ran with it like the
Olympics

Encrypted my signature on templets for the cake like
Krimpets

Move Atlantis, I Am Legend, knock a Troy to
Armageddon

Lyrical prophet the hip hop heavens, raised by Latin
Florida Evans

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

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Where the fuck you niggas at?! Where the lyricists at?!

[Verse 2: Papoose]

No lyrical content just typical nonsense
My mental too complexed to listen to garbage
Every lyric I palm breast he grippin a large tek
And killin you God bless that shit is too far fetched
Givin you are a threat then live it don't talk mess
Niggas in projects ain't feelin you more or less
This hittin your heart yes you miserable or stressed
Get rid of you y'all sets, finish your squad next
Pitiful process with spirits that's part flesh
We rip through your small chest with critical objects
Nigga you waan test the general confess
I'll injure you frauds best in criminal contest
No killa you harmless my birth involves death
Umbilical cords wrecked my little unborn neck
Before I get all dressed in greens and oppress
And walk through the yards vexed I rather graveyard
rest

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

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Where the fuck you niggas at?! Where the lyricists at?!
RAH!!!!!!!

[Verse 3: Papoose]

Totalos tiempo (?)
Contiene mal aliento I'll kill you tomorrow
Playin with Papoose like I ain;t the rap truth
I'll kill 'em in that booth you doubt it go ask booth
Slay gave me the dice, I hit 'em with the deuce
They started laughin but man this the deuce that killed
Bruce

[Verse 4: Big Lou]

The most original, lyrical criminal, leave you in critical
Torture and ridicule these pitiful rappers, I'm cynical
With the flow that's enormous, my swagger and stage
performance
The corners I sold to foreigners, they zoners tryin to
extort us
The coca I dropped in waters, supporters I'm crossin
borders

Papa blessin me with orders, I never move like the
tortoise
I rather move like the Testarossa, eat like I'm in
Ponderosa
2008 Keyser Sosa, I'm shittin on all these chokers

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

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